

INSCRIPTIONS ON THE SWORD THE JOURNAL WILL PRESENT TO GENERAL MAXIMO GOMEZ, OF THE CUBAN ARMY.

With congratulations and best wishes "Por Cuba Libre" May 1896.

To General Maximo Gomez Commander-in-Chief Army of the Cuban Republic from the Journal N.Y.

A JEWELLED SWORD FOR MAXIMO GOMEZ.

To Be Sent by The Journal as a Mark of Esteem and Sympathy for Cuba.

It is a Magnificent Weapon, Fit for the Gallant Soldier and Patriot to Wear.

WILL BE SEEN AT THE COMING FAIR.

To Be Exhibited at the Request of the Junta in New-York and Then Forwarded to the Commander in Chief.

In recognition of his services in the fight for Cuba Libre and as a token of regard both for the man and the cause he represents, the Journal will present to General Maximo Gomez, Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the Cuban Republic, a fine dress sword, properly decorated and inscribed. It has just been finished by Tiffany & Co. upon designs furnished by the Journal.

The exquisitely beautiful weapon is an ornament fit for a hero. In shape it is the regulation sword of the mounted army officer, straight and narrow. It is not designed for use in battle, though, but is a souvenir and an ornament, to be worn on gala days when the good fight is won.

On one side of the blade is etched the inscription: TO GENERAL MAXIMO GOMEZ, Commander-in-Chief Army of the Cuban Republic. From the Journal, N. Y., May, 1896.

The other side contains the legend: With congratulations and best wishes "Por Cuba Libre."

The scabbard of etched steel is handsomely decorated with gold mountings. The golden hilt bears on one side the monogram of the recipient, "M. G.," set in brilliant, while the other supports a silver and enamel flag of the new republic in the Cuban colors. The handle of the sword is of purest ivory, heavily corded with gold, and on the topmost point of the sword is a large solitaire diamond.

The Cuban-American Fair Committee has asked the Journal to take a booth at the fair and exhibit this sword there before sending it to General Gomez, and this will

Contributions of every kind keep pouring into the office of Manager Alfred Chasewood, in Madison Square Garden, as the time approaches for the opening of the big bazaar a week from next Monday. In addition to what has already been acknowledged, these donations were made yesterday:

Habeman Manufacturing Company—Coffee and chocolate pots and dish pans.  
Howard & Morse—Loan of the Garden chairs.  
F. Terpana—Cuban chocolate and chocolate pills.  
Dixon & Peltier Company—Two French books.  
D. L. Trullio & Son—One thousand cigars.  
Official Hotel Directory Company—Copy Hotel Red Book.  
J. M. Garcia—Set of pearl-handled knives and forks.

In addition to the many attractions already announced, there will be a Cuban cigarette mill and factory in full operation.

NO WORK; SOUGHT DEATH.

Durrigo, Failing to Secure His Old Place, Fatally Shot Himself in a Vacant Lot.

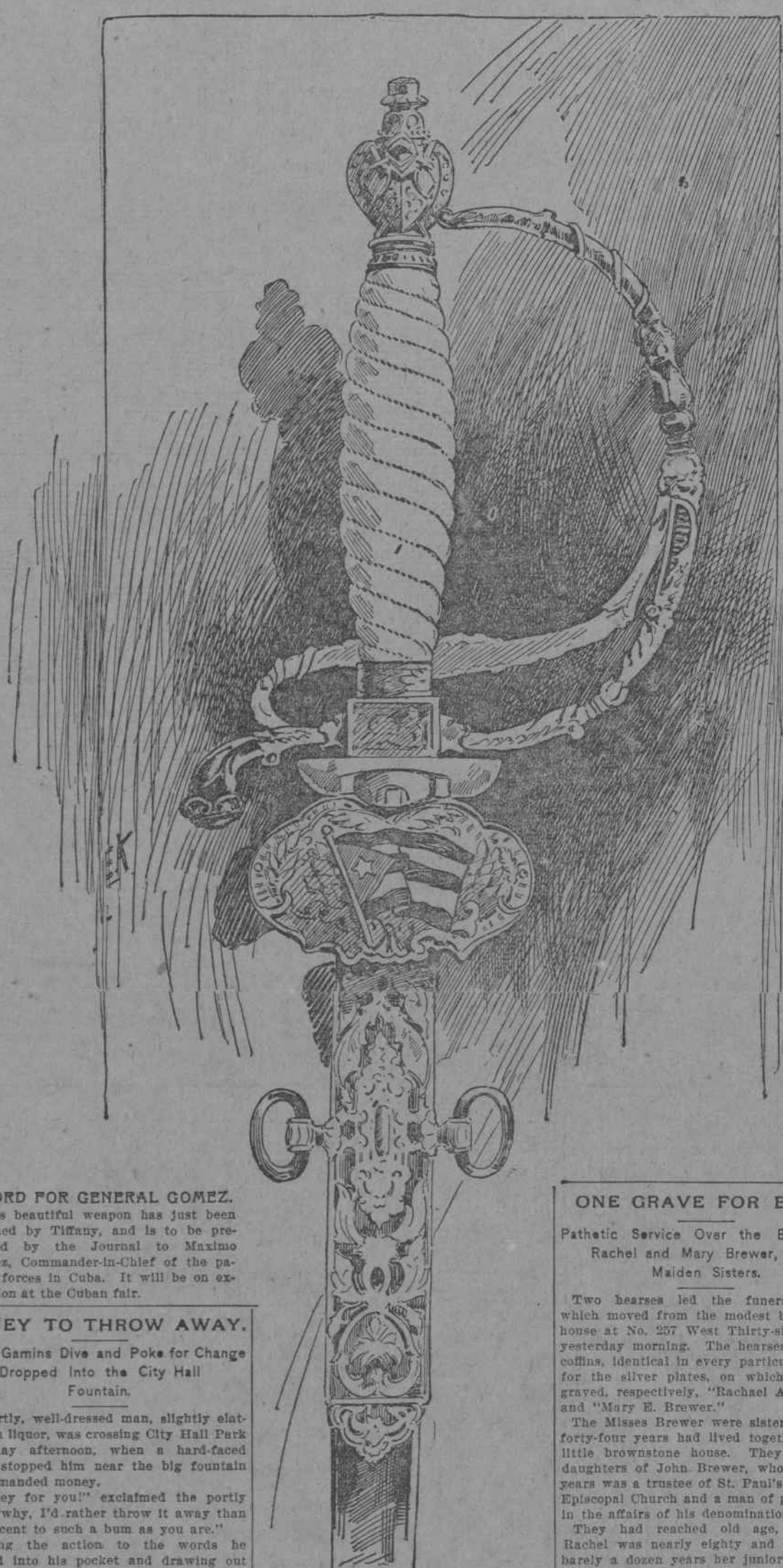
Despondent through lack of employment, George Durrigo, fifty-five years old, of No. 148 Jackson avenue, Jersey City, committed suicide at Fulton and West Side avenues yesterday afternoon by shooting himself through the temple with a revolver.

The body was taken to the Morgue, and his wife and son notified. Durrigo was a watchman for many years at the Passaic Zinc Works, but lost his position two weeks ago. Yesterday he visited the works in the hope of being reinstated. He was disappointed, however, and on his way home from the works stopped in the lot and shot himself.



DR. EDWARD PAYSON FOWLER AND HIS BRIDE.

He is one of New York's most prominent physicians, and Miss Mildred Russell, his bride, was until recently a trained nurse. They were quietly married yesterday, a sister of the bride giving her away. Dr. Fowler is more than twice as old as his wife, and knew her when she was a little girl, in Cooperstown, N. Y. After many years they met in this city in the practice of their profession.



SWORD FOR GENERAL GOMEZ.

This beautiful weapon has just been finished by Tiffany, and is to be presented by the Journal to Maximo Gomez, Commander-in-Chief of the patriot forces in Cuba. It will be on exhibition at the Cuban fair.

MONEY TO THROW AWAY.

Street Gamins Dive and Poke for Change Dropped Into the City Hall Fountain.

A portly, well-dressed man, slightly elated with liquor, was crossing City Hall Park yesterday afternoon, when a hard-faced tramp stopped him near the big fountain and demanded money.

"Money for you!" exclaimed the portly man; "why, I'd rather throw it away than give a cent to such a bum as you are."

Scolding the action to the words he reached into his pocket and drawing out some loose change, hurled it into the middle of the fountain. A gang of newsboys saw the act, and immediately made for the place where the money had gone under the water.

One of them jumped in and got nearly drowned in his efforts to duck for the

money. Others more ingenious took strips of wood and making improvised placers got out a few of the coins. A tremendous crowd collected and a park policeman dispersed it.

ONE GRAVE FOR BOTH.

Pathetic Service Over the Bodies of Rachel and Mary Brewer, Aged Maiden Sisters.

Two hearses led the funeral cortege which moved from the modest brownstone house at No. 257 West Thirty-sixth street yesterday morning. The hearses bore two coffins, identical in every particular except for the silver plates, on which were engraved, respectively, "Rachel A. Brewer" and "Mary E. Brewer."

The Misses Brewer were sisters, and for forty-four years had lived together in the little brownstone house. They were the daughters of John Brewer, who for many years was a trustee of St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church and a man of prominence in the affairs of his denomination.

They had reached old age, for Miss Rachel was nearly eighty and Miss Mary barely a dozen years her junior; but they did not cease their work of quiet and unostentatious charity until rendered helpless by bodily suffering. The younger sister, Mary, had been an invalid for several years, and the constant strain of caring for her broke the health of the other. At 2 a. m. Sunday Miss Mary Brewer died and at 9 a. m. her sister passed away.

The funeral service was held in the little parlor of their home yesterday morning by the Rev. Dr. Edmund L. Hoffecker, pastor of the Chelsea Methodist Episcopal Church. The house was crowded with friends and flowers. In the little cemetery of Sleepy Hollow, Tarrytown, the sisters were buried side by side.

OUT OF THE FAMILY NOW.

Ex-Assemblyman Haffner Sues His Rich Mother-in-Law, Mrs. Schmuck, for \$10,000.

Frederick Haffner, ex-Assemblyman from the Fifteenth District, is suing his mother-in-law, Mrs. Katherine Schmuck, a wealthy widow of Far Rockaway, for \$10,000, alleged to be due him for services rendered. Mr. Haffner was formerly the agent for the various tenement houses owned by his mother-in-law in this city. He collected the rents and looked after the repairs, making most of them himself.

For his services he alleges Mrs. Schmuck agreed to pay him \$70 a month. He says he drew only \$4,000 since he began the work in 1885. His wife borrowed \$500, thus leaving him a balance due of \$4,300. He also claims \$1,000 for extra services on other business matters, making the aggregate sum claimed \$5,300.

It is claimed that after his wife's death, about five years ago, matters were made agreeable for him by his young sister-in-law and brother-in-law, and he was finally supplanted as agent for Mrs. Schmuck by another man.

Mrs. Schmuck puts in a counter claim for about \$5,000 for money loaned and board.

Justice Brewer's Daughter Dead. San Antonio, Tex., May 12.—Miss Frankie Brewer, daughter of Justice Brewer, of the United States Supreme Court, died here last night of consumption. Miss Brewer, with her mother and sister, came here several months ago for the benefit of her health. Justice Brewer is on his way here. The body will be taken to Washington for burial.

PRISON CELL FOR AN EX-POLICE CAPTAIN.

Carpenter Sent to Blackwell's Island for Three Months.

Fine of \$1,500 and Imprisonment the Penalties for Acknowledged Extortion.

SOBBED DURING HIS SENTENCE.

Retired Two Years Ago and a Year After the Commission of His Crime on a Pension Which, Lawyers Claim, He Will Retain.

With tears streaming down his face ex-Police Captain Edward B. Carpenter yesterday pleaded guilty to a charge of extortion. Three hours later he was wearing stripes in the penitentiary on Blackwell's Island. The crime to which he pleaded guilty was committed in March, 1891, when he accepted \$1,000 from William D. Harms under an agreement to protect the liquor dealers in the Thirty-seventh Police Precinct. A year later he was retired on a pension. Three years after that he was indicted, and at last he assisted slow justice by admitting his guilt and asking that he be at once be sentenced.

The big captain made no effort to hide his grief. He stood by his counsel, Lawyer Fred B. House, while a sentence of three months in the penitentiary and a fine of \$1,500 were imposed, and as the Judge spoke of the gravity of his crime he sobbed like a child.

Tears came, too, in the eyes of other men, and in the crowded court room there was an air of grief that even Criminal Court judges seldom see. Many of Carpenter's friends were present, men who knew him as a good fellow, and could understand what he meant when he said: "This comes of being a good fellow."

Some had urged him to fight it out, to at least be not the first of the police officers blackened by the Lexow investigation to wear stripes, but his lawyers told him he had no defence, and when the case was called Mr. House announced that after deliberation the accused had concluded to enter a plea of guilty.

Mr. House referred to the defendants term of twenty years in the city's service, and said that he was not the originator of the bribery methods in the precinct, but a victim of a system that had grown up before he went there.

"He did not demand tribute," said the lawyer, "to allow tradesmen to carry on their business, but accepting a sum of money, failed to exercise that supervision which was called for in the position he occupied."

"He has a sick wife and a family on whom some of this disgrace must reflect," went on Mr. House, and he asked for the greatest judicial leniency.

District-Attorney Fellows also expressed the hope that leniency would be extended. "No other reprehensible act can be found in Captain Carpenter's career, and he has done excellent service for the city," added Colonel Fellows.

Mr. Fox said for himself and Mr. Rollins that he hoped leniency would be extended the accused and that, if possible in consistency, he be simply fined.

Justice Keogh said he could not consistently impose a fine only.

"The law, whose instrument I am, must be vindicated," he said, addressing the accused. "I realize, however, that it is not

THEY MET AND LOVED IN TENDING THE SICK.

Dr. Edward Payson Fowler Weds Miss Mildred Russell, a Trained Nurse.

He Is More Than Twice Her Age, but Had Known Her from Girlhood.

BRIDE GIVEN AWAY BY HER SISTER.

He Is One of New York's Prominent Physicians, and She Is Related to Some of the Oldest Families.

Dr. Edward Payson Fowler, of No. 28 West Fortieth street, was married yesterday to Miss Mildred Russell, of Cooperstown, N. Y., a trained nurse. The ceremony took place in Christ's Church, Seventy-first street and the Western Boulevard, at 11 o'clock in the morning. The pastor, the Rev. Dr. Jacob S. Shipman, officiated. Only the relatives of the two families were present.

The bride was escorted by the sister of the groom, Miss Emma Louise Russell, who gave her away. This was a novel feature, and provoked some comment among the friends of Dr. and Mrs. Fowler until it was learned that Miss Russell was an orphan and had no immediate relatives but her sister.

After the ceremony the wedding party drove to Dr. Fowler's home in West Fortieth street for luncheon, and later the bride and groom, with Miss Russell, took the 1 o'clock train for Cooperstown, where for many years Dr. Fowler has had his summer home, and where he first met his bride.

They will return in about a week, and on June 10 Dr. and Mrs. Fowler will sail for the Continent on the Teutonic.

The bride is the daughter of the late Robert Russell, through whom she is related to several of the oldest and best-known families of Massachusetts. The Massachusetts Russells are of Mayflower stock and are descended from Governor Bradford of the old Massachusetts Bay Colony. Mrs. Fowler is also connected with the Tuckermans, another old family of the Bay State. She is quite tall and commanding in appearance, has chestnut hair, hazel eyes, regular features and is regarded by her friends as a remarkably handsome woman. She is about thirty years old.

Dr. Fowler, who is over thirty years her senior, met her first when she was a little girl in Cooperstown. She graduated from the training school for nurses in 1891 at the Bethlehem Hospital, Bethlehem, Pa. Shortly after graduation she came to this city and has lived for the past two or three years at the Metropolitan Trained Nurses' Club, No. 104 West Forty-first street. She soon entered upon active work as a nurse, making a specialty of nervous cases. It was while acting in her professional capacity that the acquaintance with Dr. Fowler was renewed.

Dr. E. P. Fowler's patients include such families as the Astors, Schermerhorns and Vanderbilts. It was his testimony which helped to convict Carlisle Harris for the murder of his wife. He is a man of medium height, iron-gray beard and mustache, and about sixty-five or seventy years of age. His household comprises, besides his wife, his daughter and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Gignoux. Dr. Fowler has been a widower for fifteen years.

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ELOPED WITH HER FIRST HUSBAND.

Mourned as Dead, Dennis Returned to Find Mary His Brother's Wife.

Deaf Mute Patrick Took the Abandoned Place and Was Abandoned Later.

ROBBED IN HIS HAPPIEST HOUR

Ten Years in a Penitentiary Ended, the Wanderer Reclaimed His Mate and Will Care for Her Little Ones.

Patrick O'Brien married his brother's widow, as was the wont of brothers in the patriarchal days. Mary was not too comely to look upon when Dennis disappeared out of her life, but Patrick is a deaf mute, and ready to acknowledge that his choice of a wife was limited to the few women who would have him for a husband.

Dennis did not have a church funeral, or any funeral at all, but masses were said for the repose of his soul at Patrick's charge, after Dennis had been out of sight and hearing of wife, abhors and brother for five years. Sure, he was dead somewhere in his wanderings, or he would have been back before, they said, and so Mary and Patrick were married.

A child was born four years ago—a child that could cry—and Patrick's life, having been topsy-turvy by his affliction, he was in the seventh heaven of delight, seeing the evidences of sound his offspring emitted. Another child was born four months ago, and its vocal apparatus is as complete as that of the elder brother.

Monday night Patrick got home late, for he was working in Hoboken. The children were howling, and he was happy with them until he grew anxious about their mother, who was not there. He searched for a note from her, but she had left no message, and the neighbor across the hall, to whom he appealed, could not tell him where she had gone, because he could not hear and the neighbor could not write.

Very late at night she found some one who could write, and then Patrick learned that his wife had eloped. Then he saw that all her dresses were missing, and that his brother Dennis's portrait was missing from the parlor wall.

The police discovered more. They learned that Dennis is alive; that he completed a term of ten years in the Trenton penitentiary on Monday, and had gone directly to Jersey City in search of his wife; that he had found her and she had welcomed him with kisses and tears and embraces; that she had told the neighbor all the wonderful story, and had gone away with the re-united Dennis, leaving her babies to their father's care.

Patrick did not rejoice. He had grown so used to Dennis dead that Dennis living was a monstrosity, and Mary had made his home very pleasant. But he resigned his claim to Dennis's portrait, to Dennis's wife and to his own children.

Detective Dalton, of Jersey City, located Mr. and Mrs. Dennis O'Brien at Spring street, New York, and took her children to her. Dennis does not object, and has begun life as an honest, free man with a wife to love and two babies to care for, while Patrick, with neither brother, wife nor little ones, goes on with his work at Hoboken.



Ex-Police Captain Carpenter Gries When Sentenced.

He was indicted nearly a year ago for taking \$1,000 to permit violations of the law by liquor dealers when he was a police captain. He was retired two years ago—a year after the commission of the crime—on a pension, and has been living on a farm. He pleaded guilty yesterday and was sentenced to three months in the penitentiary, and to pay a fine of \$1,500.